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present

***TWO MUSICAL GIRLS AND
THEIR COMPOSER FRIENDS***

LAURA ALBINO *soprano*

TYRSA GAWRACHYNSKY *soprano*

JONATHAN ESTABROOKS *baritone*

with

BRUCE UBUKATA *piano*

Walter Hall

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8 p.m.



Bank Financial Group

TWO MUSICAL GIRLS AND THEIR COMPOSER FRIENDS

LAURA ALBINO, soprano
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We should start with Manuel García (1775-1832). He was the founder of a family of Spanish (later French and English) musicians, whose most famous members were characterised by the critic, Henry Chorley, as "representative artists, whose power, genius and originality have impressed a permanent trace on the record of the methods of vocal execution and ornament".

García was the first Almaviva in Rossini's *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, in 1816. His three children were equally crucial figures in nineteenth century music. His son, Manuel II (1805-1906), invented the laryngoscope and became a renowned teacher of singing in Paris and London, his pupils including Jenny Lind, Mathilde Marchesi and Sir Charles Santley. The elder daughter, Maria Malibran (1808-36), established a brilliant operatic career but died at 28. Her sister Pauline, however, born in 1821, lived until 1906 and was the friend and muse of Rossini, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, Gounod, Saint-Saëns and Hahn, and was one of the greatest of nineteenth century singers in France.

Having retired from the stage, and after the upheavals of the Franco-Prussian War, Pauline settled back in Paris with her husband, Louis Viardot. They lived in the rue de Douai, where she taught and composed and presided over a highly regarded musical salon. Her own songs and those of her friends (Gounod, Saint-Saëns and the rest) were performed by herself and by her talented children. Two, in particular, were fine singers: Claudie (married to Georges Chamerot) and Marianne. In 1872, Saint-Saëns introduced his younger colleague, Gabriel Fauré, to Mme Viardot. He became very much at home in the congenial atmosphere of the salon, where Turgenev and Saint-Saëns would play charades before an audience including luminaries such as George Sand, Flaubert and Henry James. Fauré became close friends with the Viardot children and wrote songs and duets for Claudie and Marianne (as did the other composers).

After a while, Louis and Pauline Viardot became convinced that Fauré would marry their youngest daughter, Marianne. He had, by 1876, been

deeply in love with her for four years. But her response was no more than lukewarm and his normally easy-going temperament began to show signs of exasperation. The help of Claudie and Georges Chamerot was enlisted and eventually Marianne agreed to a marriage date: October 1, 1877. Gounod was to be a witness and would help with the music. During a holiday in Normandy, however, she had second thoughts and broke off the engagement. The intensity of Fauré's love frightened her. As her mother wrote, perceptively, to a friend: "Perhaps it's a good thing for both of them . . . He would have burned her up with his love. She in return could only have offered a gentle but shallow affection. Let's hope it's all for the best."

Our programme presents songs by the chief composers in Pauline Viardot's salon, including several whose texts derive from Italian or Spanish — she particularly enjoyed this kind of piece, presumably because of her own Mediterranean origins. By the chatelaine herself we include three songs, together with a duet in which she arranged several waltzes by Schubert — a clever trick she also played on mazurkas by Chopin and Hungarian dances by Brahms. Of the other duets, *El Desdichado* and the two by Fauré were specifically written for Claudie and Marianne. *La Cloche*, by Saint-Saëns, and *Chanson du pêcheur*, by Fauré, were written for Mme Viardot herself, and *Au bord de l'eau* was dedicated to Claudie Chamerot (who tried, unsuccessfully, to make Fauré's engagement work). At the end of this particular story, in 1878, Fauré composed his *Poème d'un jour* in which he summed up, and shrugged off, the despair he had felt the previous year.

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group ☺

Duet: L'Arithmétique (Charles Turpin) Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Arithmetic

L'art de compter avec exactitude
Est fort nécessaire ici bas,
C'est pour avoir négligé son étude,
Qu'on trouve tant de fous, hélas!
Qui ne calculent pas.
Cultiver cet art salulaire,
C'est apprendre à garder son bien.
Car, mes amis, sur cette terre,
Sachez, qu'on a souvent affaire
A des gens qui comptent trop bien.

The art of counting accurately
is very necessary around here.
Because studies are often neglected,
alas, one finds so many dolts
who can't do figures.
To cultivate that useful art
is to learn to safeguard one's wealth.
For, my friends, in this world,
know, that you often have business
with people who count very well.

ma belle rebelle! (*Jean-Antoine de Baïf*)

O ma belle rebelle!
 Las! que tu m'es cruelle,
 Ou quand d'une doux souris,
 Larron de mes esprits,
 Ou quand d'une parole,
 Mignardètement molle,
 Ou quand d'une regard d'yeux
 Fièremment gracieux,
 Ou quand d'un petit geste,
 Tout divin, tout céleste,
 En amoureuse ardeur
 Tu plonges tout mon coeur!

O ma belle rebelle!
 Las! que tu m'est cruelle,
 Quand la cuisante ardeur
 Qui me brûle le coeur
 Fait que je te demande,
 A sa brûlure grande,
 Un rafraichissement
 D'un baiser seulement.
 O ma belle rebelle!
 Las, que tu m'es cruelle,
 Quand d'un petit baiser
 Tu ne veux m'apaiser.

Me puissé-je un jour, dure!
 Venger de ton injure;
 Mon petit maître amour
 e puisse entrer un jour,
 Et pour moi langoureuse
 Il te fasse amoureuse
 Comme il m'a langoureux
 Pour toi fait amoureux.
 Alors, par ma vengeance
 Tu auras connaissance
 Quel mal fait du baiser
 Un amant refuser.

O my fine rebel,
 how cruel you are to me!
 When with a gentle smile,
 you steal my spirits,
 or when with a word
 dainty and soft,
 or with a glance from your eyes
 full of proud grace,
 or when with a small gesture
 so divine, so heavenly,
 into an amorous flame
 you plunge my whole heart!

O my fine rebel,
 how cruel you are to me!
 When the flames
 which consume my heart
 compel me to beg you,
 to cool and quench
 this great burning
 with a single kiss.
 O my fine rebel,
 how cruel you are to me,
 when with one little kiss
 you will not appease me.

If I could but one day
 avenge your wronging of me,
 if only my little master Amor
 could provoke you one day,
 and make you fall
 in love with me
 who languishes from
 being in love with you!
 Then by my revenge
 you would know
 what it means to refuse
 a kiss to a lover.

Chanson de printemps (*Eugène Tourneux*)

Viens! enfant, la terre s'éveille,
Le soleil rit au gazon vert!
La fleur au calice entr'ouvert
Reçoit les baisers de l'abeille.
Respirons cet air pur!
Environs-nous d'azur!
Là-haut sur la colline
Viens cueillir l'aubépine!
La neige des pommiers
Parfume les sentiers.

Viens! enfant, voici l'hirondelle,
Qui passe en chantant dans les airs;
Ouvre ton âme aux frais concerts
Eclos sous la feuille nouvelle.
Un vent joyeux, là-bas,
Frémit dans les lilas;
C'est la saison bénie,
C'est l'amour, c'est la vie!
Qu'un fleuve de bonheur
Inonde notre coeur!

Viens! enfant, c'est l'heure charmante
Où l'on voudrait rêver à deux;
Mêlons nos rêves et nos vœux
Sous cette verdure naissante;
Salut, règne des fleurs,
Des parfums, des couleurs!
Les suaves haleines
Voltigent sur les plaines;
Le coeur épanoui
Se perd dans l'infini!

Spring song

Come, my child, the world awakens,
the sun smiles down on the green turf!
The flower half opens its calix
to receive the kisses of the bee.
Let us breathe in that pure air!
Deep blue sky all around us!
Up there on the hill
I go to gather hawthorns!
The snow of the apple blossoms
scents the pathways.

Come, my child, here is the swallow
who flies by singing its melodies;
open your soul to the fresh concerts
hidden under new leaves.
A joyful breeze, over there,
shivers in the lilacs;
It is the blessed season,
it is love, it is life!
It is a river of happiness
flooding our hearts.

Come, my child, it is the charming hour
when we two wish to dream together;
let us mingle our dreams and our pledges
beneath this newly beginning greenery;
Hail, kingdom of the flowers,
of perfumes, of colours!
The gentle breezes
flutter in the fields;
the bursting heart
loses itself in the infinite!

Ce que je suis sans toi (*Louis de Peyre*)

Ce qu'est le lierre sans l'ormeau
Qui fut l'appui de son enfance,
Lui donnant dans chaque rameau
Un échelon pour sa croissance;
Voilà ce que je suis sans toi;
Par pitié, garde-moi ta foi!

L'oiseau qui vole en gazouillant
Vers les demeures éternelles
Et dont soudain un plomb sanglant
Est venu fracasser les ailes,

This is what I am without you

This is how the ivy is without the elm
which supported its young growth,
giving it, in each branch
a ladder for its climbing;
that is what I am without you;
pity me, give me your trust!

The bird who flies in song
towards eternal dwellings
whose wings are suddenly broken
by a wounding shot,

Voilà ce que je suis sans toi;
Par pitié, garde-moi ta foi!

Un frêle esquif parmi les flots
pendant une nuit ténébreuse,
Sans gouvernail, sans matelots,
Au sein de la mer orageuse,
Voilà ce que je suis sans toi;
Par pitié, garde-moi ta foi!

that is how I am without you;
pity me, give me your trust!

A frail skiff among the waves
during a black night,
with no rudder, without sailors,
on the breast of a raging sea;
that is how I am without you,
pity me, give me your trust!



Duet: Barcarola (*Giuseppe Zaffira*)

Gounod

Vedi che bella sera!
Tutto col di riposa
La gondola leggiera
Ci chiama in alto mar!
Sull'onda silenziosa
Vien meco a navigar!

Sotto l'immenso manto
Del ciel che più s'imbruna
Oh! guarda, dolce incanto
Le stelle scintillar.
A' raggi della luna
Vien meco a navigar.

Là su quell'acque amate
Pace allo spirito anelo
Avrem compagni il cielo
L'aura, le stelle, il mar.
Sull'onde addormentate.
Vien meco a navigar.

See how beautiful the night is!
everything is at rest
the nimble gondola
calls us to the deep waters!
On the hushed waves
come sail away with me!

Under the infinite mantle
of the sky at nightfull
Ah! look, at the soft charms
of the twinkling stars.
In the radiance of the moon
come sail away with me.

There where those sweet waters
give peace to the thirsting soul
we have as company the heavens,
the stars, the sea.
On the sleeping waves
come sail away with me.



Duet: Tes yeux (*Louis Pomey*)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) arr. Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Your eyes

La rose nouvelle
 Dans tes noirs cheveux,
 Brunette, est moins belle
 Cent fois que tes yeux.

Hélas, sur ton cou, ma charmante,
 L'opale a moins de feux.
 La perle brillante
 Est moins ravissante
 Cent fois que tes yeux.

Sans eux tout dans l'ombre
 S'efface et languit,
 La nuit la plus sombre
 Par eux resplendit.

A ta jalousie
 Viens-tu par hasard,
 Ma mort ou ma vie
 Est dans ton regard.

Errant dans ta rue
 Chantant plein d'émoi
 La grâce ingénue
 Que Dieu mit en toi.

La nuit tout entière
 Comme astre des cieux,
 Je suis la lumière
 Qui brille en tes yeux.

Heureux à leur flamme
 Si je puis brûler
 Et laisser mon âme
 Vers toi s'exhaler.

The rosebud
 in your black hair,
 dark one, is a hundred times
 less beautiful than your eyes.

On your neck, my delightful one,
 alas, the opal has less fire,
 the shining pearl
 is a hundred times
 less alluring than your eyes.

Without them, all is hidden
 in shadow and languishes,
 the darkest night is made
 resplendent by them.

You come by chance
 to your window blind,
 my death or my life
 is held in your glance.

Wandering in your street
 I am full of agitated song
 for the artless grace
 that god has given you.

The whole night long
 like the star in the heavens,
 I am the light
 which shines in your eyes.

Happy to burn
 in their flame,
 let my soul
 expire for you.

Three songs

Viardot

Tyrsa Gawrachynsky

La Marquise (*Maurice Vaucaire*)

Montant à sa chaise à porteurs,
 La marquise en robe de moire,
 A l'air d'entrer dans une armoire
 Pour échapper aux séducteurs,
 Ces amours qui voltigent roses,
 A droite, à gauche, en haut,
 partout,
 Qu'elle soit couchée ou debout
 En lui chuchotant mille choses.

Montant à sa chaise à porteurs
 Dont les vitres sont blasonnées
 Et de jolis cuivres ornées,
 La marquise avec des pudeurs
 De jeune naïade surprise
 Leste se hâte de s'asseoir
 Dans un flot de peluche grise;

Le Roi daigne dire: "à ce soir!"
 Et les deux bons vieux domestiques
 Aux mollets maigres et nerveux,
 Portent l'objet de tant de vœux
 Comme on porterait des reliques.

Stepping up into her sedan chair,
 the Marquise, wearing a dress of taffeta,
 looks as if she is entering an armoire
 to escape her seducers,
 these loves which hover, pink,
 at her right, at her left, above,
 everywhere,
 whether she is reclining or standing,
 whispering a thousand secrets to her.

Climbing into her sedan chair,
 the windows emblazoned
 and with fine decorated copper,
 the Marquise with the modesty
 of a surprised young naiad
 quickly settles into
 a sea of grey plush.

The King condescends to say "Till tonight!"
 And the two loyal old servants,
 moving on weak and nervous legs
 carry the object of so many desires
 as one carries a sacred relic.

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent (*René-François Armand Sully-Prudhomme*)

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,
 Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,
 Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
 Toujours!

Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
 Sans rien laisser de leur
 velours,
 Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
 Toujours!

Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent
 Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours;
 Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent
 Toujours!

Here below, all the lilacs die,
 all the songs of the birds are short.
 I dream of summers which last
 forever.

Here below, lips touch and part
 without leaving any of their
 softness behind.
 I dream of kisses which last
 forever.

Here, all men weep
 for their friendship or their loves.
 I dream of couples who remain together
 forever.

Les Filles de Cadix (*Alfred de Musset*)

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes.
"Dites-moi, voisin
Si j'ai bonne mine?
Et si ma basquine
Va bien ce matin?
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?
Ah! Les filles de Cadix,
Ah! aiment assez cela."

Et nous dansions un boléro.
Un soir, c'était dimanche,
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo,
Tout cousu d'or, plume
au chapeau,
Et le poing sur la hanche.
"Si tu veux de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,
Cet or est à toi."
"Passez votre chemin, beau sire.
Ah! Les filles de Cadix,
Ah! n'entendent pas cela."

The Girls of Cadiz

We have just seen the bull fight,
three young men, three girls.
It was lovely on the grass,
and we danced a bolero
to the sound of the castanets.
"Tell me, neighbour,
if my looks please you,
and if my skirt
is becoming this morning.
Do you think my waist is slender?
The girls of Cadiz
like that very much!"

And we danced a bolero.
One evening, on a Sunday,
a hidalgo came towards us,
raiment stitched with gold,
a feather in his hat,
his fist on his hip:
"If you want anything from me,
brunette with the sweet smile,
you only have to ask for it;
this gold is yours."
"Take your leave, fine sir.
Ah, the girls of Cadiz
don't listen to that!"

Duet: Pastorale (*Néricault Destouches*) Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Ici les tendres oiseaux
Goûtent cent douceurs secrètes,
Et l'on entend ces côteaux
Retentir des chansonnettes
Qu'ils apprennent aux échos.

Sur ce gazon les ruisseaux
Murmurent leurs amourettes,
Et l'on voit jusqu'aux ormeaux,
Pour embrasser les fleurettes,
Pencher leurs jeunes rameaux.

Here the young birds
taste a hundred secret joys
and you can hear these hills
ring with the little songs
that they have taught to the echoes.

Across the lawn, the brooks
murmur their passions,
and you can even see the elms
embracing the little flowers
with their young branches.

Three songs

Saint-Saëns

Laura Albino

Rêverie (*Victor Hugo*)

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme
Donne à quelqu'un
Sa musique, sa flamme,
Ou son parfum;

Puisqu'ici-bas toute chose
Donne toujours
Son épine ou sa rose
A ses amours;

Puisque l'air à la branche
Donne l'oiseau;
Que l'aube à la pervenche
Donne un peu d'eau;

Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive
S'y reposer,
L'onde amère à la rive
Donne un baiser;

Je te donne, à cette heure,
Penché sur toi,
La chose la meilleure
Que j'ai en moi!

Reçois donc ma pensée,
Triste d'ailleurs,
Qui, comme une rosée,
T'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,
O mes amours!
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre
De tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,
Purs de soupçons,
Et toutes les caresses
De mes chansons!

Mon esprit qui sans voile
Vogue au hasard,
Et qui n'a pour étoile
Que ton regard!

Reçois mon bien céleste,
O ma beauté,
Mon cœur, dont rien ne reste,
L'amour ôté!

Since on this earth
every living creature offers
to somebody its music,
its ardour, its scent,

Since everything
always gives
its thorn or its rose
to its loved one,

Since the air lends the branch
to the small bird
so dawn sends the flowers
the morning dew;

And since, as it comes
to rest there,
the bitter wave gives
the shore a kiss,

I give you now,
as I lean over you,
the best that
I have of myself.

So accept my thoughts,
once so sad,
which come to you,
like dew, in tears!

Accept my numberless vows,
oh my love,
accept the light and the shade
of my life.

My passions full of wildness,
free of suspicions,
and all the caresses
of my songs,

and my soul which drifts
at random without a sail,
and for a guiding star
has only your gaze;

Accept my gift from heaven,
oh my love!
My heart, of which nothing remains
once love is taken away!

Soirée en mer (Hugo)

Près du pêcheur qui ruisselle,
 Quand tous deux au jour baissant,
 Nous errons dans la nacelle,
 Laissant chanter l'homme frêle
 Et gémir le flot puissant;

Sous l'abri que font les voiles
 Lorsque nous nous asseyons
 Dans cette ombre où tu te voiles
 Quand ton regard aux étoiles
 Semble cueillir des rayons;

Quand tous deux nous croyons lire
 Ce que la nature écrit,
 Réponds, ô toi, que j'admire!
 D'où vient que mon cœur soupire?
 D'où vient que ton front sourit?

Dis? d'où vient qu'à chaque lame,
 Comme une coupe de fiel,
 La pensée emplit mon âme?
 C'est que moi, je vois la rame,
 Tandis que tu vois le ciel!

C'est que je vois les flots sombres,
 Toi, les astres enchantés!
 C'est que, perdu dans leur nombres,
 Hélas! je compte les ombres,
 Quand tu comptes les clartés!

Que sur la vague troublée
 J'abaisse un sourcil hagard;
 Mais toi, belle âme voilée,
 Vers l'espérance étoilée,
 Lève un tranquille regard!

Tu fais bien, vois les cieux luire,
 Vois les astres s'y mirer.
 Un instinct là-haut t'attire,
 Tu regardes Dieu sourire;
 Moi, je vois l'homme pleurer!

La Cloche (Hugo)

Seule en ta sombre tour aux
 faîtes dentelés,
 D'où ton souffle descend sur les
 toits ébranlés,
 Ô cloche suspendue au milieu
 des nuées,

Evening on the sea

Near the fisherman who rows
 while, together, as the day dies,
 we meander in the little boat,
 listening to the song of the frail man
 and the groaning of powerful sea;

under the shelter of the sails
 while we sit in this shadow
 where you veil yourself
 as your eyes, gazing at the stars
 seem to gather rays of light;

as together we think to read
 what nature writes,
 answer, o you, whom I admire!
 How is it that my heart sighs?
 How does your countenance smile?

Tell me, how is it that at each swell,
 like a cup of bile,
 this thought fills my soul?
 It is because I see the hard rowing,
 while you are seeing heaven!

It is because I look at the dark waves,
 and you, the enchanted stars!
 It is that, lost in their numbers,
 alas, I count the shadows,
 while you count the lights!

On the troubled wave
 I cast a tired brow;
 but your beautiful veiled soul
 raises a calm gaze
 toward star-filled hope!

You do well, see the heaven shining,
 see the stars reflected there.
 A higher instinct draws you,
 you see God smile;
 me, I see man weep!

The bell

Alone in your dark tower with its
 crenellations
 from where your breath descends
 upon the shaken roofs
 O bell hanging amid the
 clouds,

Par ton vaste roulis si souvent
remuées,
Tu dors en ce moment dans
l'ombre, et rien ne luit
sous ta voûte profonde où
sommeille le bruit!

Oh! Tandis qu'un esprit qui
jusqu'à toi s'élance,
Silencieux aussi, contemple
ton silence,
Sens-tu, par cet instinct vague et
plein de douceur
Qui révèle toujours une soeur à
la soeur
Qu'à cette heure où s'endort la
soirée expirante,
Une âme est près de toi, non
moins que toi vibrante,
Qui bien souvent aussi jette un
bruit solennel,
Et se plaint dans l'amour comme
toi dans le ciel!

so often disturbed by your mighty
swinging
You sleep now in the shadows,
there is no gleam of light
under your deep vault where the
sound sleeps!

Oh! while a spirit which leaps
towards you
also silent, contemplates your
silence,
do you feel with that vague sweet
instinct
that one sister always reveals to
another
that at this hour when the dying
evening goes to sleep
a soul is near you, no less vibrant
than your own,
who also speaks at times in
solemn tones,
and mourns in love as you do to
the heavens!



Duet: El desdichado (Boléro) (*anon.*)

Saint-Saëns

Qué me importa que florezca
El arbor de mi esperanza,
Si se marchitan las flores,
Y jamas el fruto cuaja.
Ha!

Dicen que el amor es gloria,
Y yo digo que es infierno.
Pues siempre estan los amantes
En un continuo tormento!
Ay!

El feliz y el desdichado
Suspiran con diferencia:
Unos publican sus gustos,
Y otros publican sus penas.
Ha!

The unhappy lover

What does it matter to me
that the tree of my hopes blossom,
if the flowers wither
without it ever bearing fruit?
Alas!

They say that love is glorious,
and I tell you it is hell,
because lovers are always
in ceaseless torment.
Alas!

The happy and the unhappy
sigh for different reasons:
the former to express their joys,
the latter to express their sorrows.
Alas!



Intermission

Three songs

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Tysra Gawrachynsky

Le Papillon et la fleur (*Hugo*), Op. 1/1**The butterfly and the flower**

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon
céleste:

Ne fuis pas!...

Vois comme nos destins sont
différents, je reste,

Tu t'en vas!

Pourtant nous nous aimons,
nous vivons sans les hommes,

Et loin d'eux!

Et nous nous ressemblons et l'on
dit que nous sommes

Fleurs tous deux!

Mais hélas, l'air t'emporte, et la
terre m'enchaîne,

Sort cruel!

Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de
mon haleine

Dans le ciel!

Mais non, tu vas trop loin, parmi
des fleurs sans nombre,

Vous fuyez!

Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner
mon ombre

A mes pieds!

Tu fuis, puis tu reviens, puis tu
t'en vas encore

Luire ailleurs!

Aussi me trouves-tu toujours
à chaque aurore

Tout en pleurs!

Ah! pour que notre amour coule
des jours fidèles.

Ô mon roi!

Prends comme moi racine ou
donne-moi des ailes

Comme à toi!

The poor flower said to the celestial
butterfly:

Do not fly away!

How different our destinies; I stay
here,

you go away!

Yet we love each other, we live
without man

far from them;

we look alike, and they say we
are

both flowers.

But, alas, the air carries you away,
and the earth enchains me,

cruel fate!

I would like to embalm your flight
and my breath

in the sky!

But no, you go too far away,
among the numberless flowers,

you fly away!

I remain alone to watch my shadow
turn

at my feet!

You flit off, then you return, then
you go off again

to glitter somewhere else

You find me always at
every dawn

all in tears!

Ah, so that our love may flow on
through faithful days,

oh my king,

take root like me, or give
me wings

like yours!

Rêve d'amour (*Hugo*), Op. 5/2**Dream of love**

S'il est un charmant gazon

Que le ciel arrose,

Où naisse en toute saison

Quelque fleur éclore,

If there's a lovely grassy place

watered by the sky

where in every season

some flower blossoms,

Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvre-feuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur dispose,
Dont le tendre dévouement
N'ait rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne dessein,
J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front se pose!

S'il est un rêve d'amour,
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh! j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton coeur se pose!

where one can freely gather
lilies, woodbines and jasmynes...
I would make it the path
on which you place your feet.

If there is a loving breast
where honour rules,
where tender devotion
is free from all sadness,
if this noble breast always
beats for a worthy ideal,
I would make it the pillow
on which you lay your head.

If there is a dream of love
scented with roses,
where one finds every day
something gentle and sweet,
a dream blessed by God
where soul is joined to soul...
oh, I would make it the nest
in which you rest your heart.

Après un rêve (*Romain Bussine*), Op. 7/1

After a dream

Dans un sommeil que charmait
ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent
mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,
ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel
éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers
la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient
leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs
divines entrevues,

Hélas! triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi
tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

In a slumber which held your
image spellbound
I dreamed of happiness, passionate
mirage,
your eyes were softer, your voice
pure and sonorous,
you shone like a sky lit up by
the dawn;

you called me and I left the earth
to run away with you towards the
light,
the skies opened their clouds
for us,
unknown splendours, divine
flashes glimpsed,

Alas! sad awakening from dreams,
I call you, O night, give me
back your lies,
return, return radiant,
return, O mysterious night.

Three songs

Fauré

Jonathan Estabrooks

Mai (*Hugo*), Op. 1/2

Puis-que Mai tout en fleurs dans
 les prés nous réclame,
 Viens, ne te lasse pas de mêler
 à ton âme
 La campagne, les bois, les
 ombrages charmants,
 Les larges clairs de lune au bord
 des flots dormants:
 Le sentier qui finit où le chemin
 commence,
 Et l'air, et le printemps et l'horizon
 immense,
 L'horizon que ce monde attache
 humble et joyeux,
 Comme une lèvre au bas de la
 robe des cieux.

Viens, et que le regard des
 pudiques étoiles,
 Qui tombe sur la terre à travers
 tant de voiles,
 Que l'arbre pénétré de parfums et
 de chants,
 Que le souffle embrasé de midi
 dans les champs;
 Et l'ombre et le soleil, et l'onde,
 et la verdure,
 Et le rayonnement de toute
 la nature,
 Fassent épanouir, comme une
 double fleur,
 La beauté sur ton front et l'amour
 dans ton cœur!

May

Now May with burgeoning flowery
 meadows beckons us,
 come, do not fail to refresh your
 soul with
 the countryside, the woods, the
 shady bowers,
 the wide moonlight nights beside
 the sleeping waves:
 the path that ends where the
 road begins,
 and the air, and the Spring and
 the immense horizon,
 the horizon where this world joins
 humbly and joyously
 like a hem at the bottom of
 heaven's robe.

Come, and may the gaze of the
 chaste stars,
 that fall upon the ground through
 many veils,
 and may the tree permeated with
 scents and songs,
 and may the wind garnered at
 midday in the fields,
 and the shadow, the sunlight, the
 waves, the greenery,
 and the radiance of all
 nature,
 cause to blossom, like a
 double flower,
 the beauty of your face and the
 love in your heart!

Les Matelots (*Théophile Gautier*), Op. 2/2

Sur l'eau bleue et profonde,
 Nous allons voyageant,
 Environnant le monde
 D'un sillage d'argent,
 Des îles de la Sonde,
 De l'Inde au ciel brûlé,
 Jusqu'au pôle gelé!

The sailors

Upon the blue, deep water
 we shall travel,
 encircling the world
 with a silver wake,
 from the Sunda Islands,
 from India where the sky burns,
 right to the frozen pole!

Nous pensons à la terre
Que nous fuyons toujours,
À notre vieille mère,
À nos jeunes amours.
Mais la vague légère
Avec son doux refrain,
Endort notre chagrin!

Existence sublime,
Bercés par notre nid.
Nous vivons sur l'abîme,
Au sein de l'infini,
Des flots rasant la cîme.
Dans le grand désert bleu
Nous marchons avec Dieu!

We think of the land
which we are always fleeing,
of our aging mothers,
of our young sweethearts.
But the light wave
with its sweet refrain,
lulls our grief to sleep!

Sublime existence,
rocked in our nest.
We live upon the edge,
on the breast of the infinite,
grazing the crests of the waves.
In the great blue desert
we go with God!

Lydia (*Leconte de Lisle*,) Op. 4/2

Lydia, sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu
dénoues;

Le jour qui lui est le meilleur;
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
and on your neck, so fresh and white,
flow sparklingly
the fluid golden tresses which
you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
let us forget the eternal grave,
let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
a divine fragrance on your breast;
numberless delights
emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
that I may ever die!

Duet: Puis qu'ici-bas toute âme (Hugo), Op. 10/1

Fauré

Puisqu'ici-bas tout âme	Since on this earth
Donne à quelqu'un	every living creature offers
Sa musique sa flamme	to somebody its music,
Ou son parfum,	its ardour, its scent,
Puisqu'ici toute chose	since everything
Donne toujours	always gives
Son épine ou sa rose	its thorn or its rose
A ses amours,	to its loved one,
Puisqu'Avril donne aux chênes	since April lends the oak-tress
Un bruit charmant	a wonderful sound,
Que la nuit donne aux peines	and night gives to our troubles
L'oubli dormant,	forgetful oblivion,
Puisque lorsqu'elle arrive	and since, as it comes
S'y reposer.	to rest there,
L'onde amère à la rive	the bitter wave gives
Donne un baiser,	the shore a kiss,
Je te donne à cette heure,	I give you now,
Penché sur toi	as I lean over you,
La chose la meilleure	the best that
Que j'ai en moi.	I have of myself.
Reçois donc ma pensée	So accept my thoughts,
Triste d'ailleurs	once so sad,
Qui comme une rosée	which come to you,
T'arrive en pleurs!	like dew, in tears!
Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,	Accept my numberless vows,
O mes amours,	oh my love,
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre	accept the light and the shade
De tous mes jours.	of my life.
Mes transports pleins d'ivresses	My passions full of wildness,
Purs de soupçons	free of suspicions,
Et toutes les caresses	and all the caresses
De mes chansons,	of my songs,
Mon esprit qui sans voile	and my soul which drifts
Vogue au hasard,	at random without a sail,
Et qui n'a pour étoile	and for a guiding star
Que ton regard!	has only your gaze;
Reçois mon bien céleste	Accept my gift from heaven,
O ma beauté!	oh my love!
Mon cœur dont rien ne reste	My heart, of which nothing remains
L'amour ôté!	once love is taken away!

Dans les ruines d'une abbaye (*Hugo*) Op. 2/1

Seuls, tous deux, ravis, chantants,
Comme on s'aime;
Comme on cueille le printemps
Que Dieu sème.
Quels rires étincelants
Dans ces ombres,
Jadis pleines de fronts blancs,
De cœurs sombres.

On est tout frais mariés,
On s'envoie
Les charmants cris variés
De la joie!
Frais échos mêlés
Au vent qui frissonne.
Gaîté que le noir couvent
Assaisonne.

Seuls, tous deux. . .

On effeuille des jasmins
Sur la pierre
Où l'abbesse joint les mains,
En prière.
On se cherche, on se poursuit,
On sent croître
Ton aube, Amour, dans la nuit
Du vieux cloître.

On s'en va se becquetant,
On s'adore,
On s'embrasse à chaque instant,
Puis encore,
Sous les piliers, les arceaux,
Et les marbres,
C'est l'histoire des oiseaux
Dans les arbres.

In the ruins of an abbey

Alone, we two, singing, enraptured,
how we love one another!
How we harvest the springtime
that God sows!
What sparkling laughter fills
these shadowy ruins
which once housed pale faces,
and sombre hearts.

We are newly wed,
we exchange
the charming, varied cries
that spring from joy —
these fresh echoes mingle
with the quivering breeze,
a gaiety to which the dark abbey
adds zest.

Alone together . . .

We pluck petals of jasmine
on the marble sculpture
Where the abbess joins her hands
together in prayer.
We play at hide-and-seek;
we feel the dawn
of love grow brighter in the night
of the old cloister.

We go along cuddling,
adoring one another;
at every moment we embrace,
and kiss again;
under the pillars, the arches
and the statues,
it's the story of the birds
in the trees.

Chanson du pêcheur (*Gautier*), Op. 4/1**Fisherman's lament**

Ma belle amie est morte,
 Je pleurerai toujours;
 Sous la tombe elle emporte
 Mon âme et mes amours.
 Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
 Elle s'en retourna;
 L'ange qui l'emmena
 Ne voulut pas me prendre.
 Que mon sort est amer!
 Ah! sans amour s'en aller
 sur la mer!

My beautiful love is dead,
 I shall weep forever!
 To her grave she carries
 my soul and my love.
 She went back to heaven
 without waiting for me;
 the angel that took her
 didn't want me.
 How bitter is my fate!
 Oh! to go out to sea
 without love!

La blanche créature
 Est couchée au cercueil;
 Comme dans la nature
 Tout me paraît en deuil!
 La colombe oubliée
 Pleure et songe à l'absent;
 Mon âme pleure et sent
 Qu'elle est dépareillée.
 Que mon sort est amer!
 Ah! sans amour s'en aller
 sur la mer!

The pale creature
 sleeps in her coffin;
 everything around me
 seems to be in mourning.
 The forgotten dove
 weeps and dreams of his lost one;
 My soul weeps
 that she is gone.
 How bitter is my fate!
 Oh! to go out to sea
 without love!

Sur moi la nuit immense
 Plane comme un linceul,
 Je chante ma romance
 Que le ciel entend seul.
 Ah! comme elle était belle,
 Et combien je l'aimais!
 Je n'aimerai jamais
 Une femme autant qu'elle
 Que mon sort est amer!
 Ah! sans amour s'en aller
 sur la mer!

The vast night spreads
 over me like a shroud;
 I sing my story that
 only the sky can hear.
 Oh! how beautiful she was
 and how much I loved her.
 Never will I love
 a woman as much as her!
 How bitter is my fate!
 Oh! to go out to sea
 without love!

Au bord de l'eau (*Sully-Prudhomme*), Op. 8/1

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du
 flot qui passe,
 Le voir passer;
 Tous deux s'il glisse un nuage en
 l'espace,
 Le voir glisser;
 À l'horizon s'il fume un toit de
 chaume,
 Le voir fumer;
 Aux alentours si quelque fleur
 embaume,
 S'en embaumer;
 Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau
 murmure
 L'eau murmurer;
 Ne pas sentir tant que ce rêve
 dure
 Le temps durer.
 Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
 Qu'à s'adorer,
 Sans nul souci des querelles du
 monde
 Les ignorer;
 Et seuls tous deux, devant tout ce
 qui lasse,
 Sans se lasser,
 Sentir l'amour devant, tout ce qui
 passe,
 Ne point passer!

At the water's edge

To sit together beside the passing
 stream
 and watch it go by;
 if a cloud glides by
 in the sky,
 to watch it glide together;
 if a thatched house sends up
 smoke on the horizon,
 to watch it smoke;
 if a nearby flower spreads
 fragrance,
 to enjoy that fragrance;
 if the water murmurs at the
 foot of the willow,
 to listen to it murmuring;
 for as long as this dream
 endures,
 not to feel its duration;
 but, having no deep passion
 except deep love for one another,
 without concern for the world's
 quarrels,
 to ignore them;
 and alone together, in the face of
 all things wearisome,
 unwearied,
 to feel love, unlike all things that
 pass away,
 not passing away!

Jonathan Estabrooks

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai
rencontrée,

Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon
obstiné tourment;

Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme
inespérée,

Et le rêve idéal poursuivi
vainement?

Ô, passante aux doux yeux,
serais-tu donc l'amie

Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète
isolé,

Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme
affermie,

Comme le ciel natal sur un
cœur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne
pareille,

Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur
la mer!

Devant l'immensité ton extase
s'éveille,

Et le charme des soirs à ta belle
âme est cher;

Une mystérieuse et douce
sympathie

Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un
vivant lien,

Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour
envahie,

Et mon cœur te chérit sans te
connaître bien!

Poem of one day**Encounter**

I was sad and thoughtful when I
encountered you,

my persistent torment
is less today ;

Tell me, were you the girl I met
by chance

the ideal dream I have followed
in vain?

A passer-by with gentle eyes,
were you the dear one

who brought happiness to a lonely
poet,

and did you shine upon my
strengthened soul

like the native sky on an exiled
heart?

Your shy sadness, so like
my own,

loves to watch the sun going down
over the sea!

Your delight is awakened before
its immensity,

and the evenings spent with
your lovely spirit are dear to me.

A mysterious and gentle
sympathy

already binds me to you like
a living bond;

My soul trembles with
overwhelming love,

And my heart cherishes you,
even without knowing you.

Toujours

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté,

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en
démence,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Always

You ask me to be quiet,
to go far away from you forever,
and to depart, all alone
without thinking of the one whom I love!

You might more easily ask the stars
to fall from the vast heavens,
or the night to lose its veils,
or the day to rid itself of its brightness!

Ask the immense ocean
to dry up its vast waves,
and, when the winds are raging
dementedly,
ask them to calm their dark sobbing!

But do not hope that my soul
can root out its sorrow
and douse its flame
like the springtime sheds its flowers!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bienaimées,
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
Changer,
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos coeurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

Like everything that dies quickly,
the blown rose,
and the iridescent mantles of
the meadows
long sighs, loved ones,
smoke.

One sees in this frivolous world
change,
faster than the waves on the beach,
our dreams,
faster than hoarfrost on flowers,
our hearts.

One believed oneself faithful to you,
cruel one,
but alas! the longest of loves
are short!
And I say on leaving your charms,
with no tears,
almost the moment of my vow,
adieu!

Duet: Tarentelle (*Marc Monnier*), Op. 10/2

Fauré

Aux cieux la lune monte et luit.
 Il fait grand jour en plein minuit.
 Viens avec moi, me disait-elle,
 Viens sur le sable grésillant
 Où saute et glisse en frétilant
 La tarentelle.

Sus, les danseurs! En voila
 deux;
 Foule sur l'eau, foule autour
 d'eux;
 L'homme est bien fait, la fille
 est belle;
 Mais gare à vous! Sans y penser,
 C'est jeu d'amour que de danser
 La tarentelle.

Doux est le bruit du tambourin!
 Si j'étais fille de marin
 Et toi pêcheur, me disait-elle
 Toutes les nuits joyeusement
 Nous danserions en nous aimant
 La tarentelle.

In the sky the moon rises bright.
 It makes full midnight into day.
 Come with me, she said to me,
 come to the whirling sands
 where leaping, flashing, turning, is
 the tarantella.

Above all, the dancers! There is a
 couple;
 twirling around each other
 on the water,
 the man is handsome, the girl
 beautiful;
 but look out! Without thinking
 it will become a game of love
 the tarantella.

Sweet is the sound of the tambourine!
 If I were a sailor's daughter
 and you a fisherman, she said to me
 every happy night
 we would love each other to dance
 the tarantella.



About The Aldeburgh Connection

We present a series of five Sunday afternoon concerts here in Walter Hall. Each programme is built around a musical, historical or literary theme. Our next concert takes place in the MacMillan Theatre on Sunday, March 13, as part of the city-wide Metamorphosis Festival. Our concert *Metamorphoses* will sample music inspired by Ovid's tales by Schubert, Chausson, Walton and Holman, with Britten's *Six Metamorphoses after Ovid*. Singers are soprano **Jennie Such** and **Colin Ainsworth**, tenor, with **Cary Ebli**, oboe. We end the series in Walter Hall on May 1 with *A Country House Weekend*, a visit to England's "long weekend" between the world wars, with **Carla Huhtanen**, soprano, **Norine Burgess**, mezzo and **Peter McGillivray**, baritone. Single tickets are \$40; please call (416) 735-7982.

And, towards the end of the concert season, we are proud to present two of Canada's finest singers in solo recital. Please join us on Thursday, April 14, here in Walter Hall, when baritone **Gerald Finley** will perform Schubert's *Winterreise*, with pianist **Stephen Ralls**. On Wednesday, May 25, tenor **Michael Schade** and **Stephen Ralls** perform *Lieder* by Schubert, Mendelssohn and others at the Glenn Gould Studio. Both concerts are at 8 pm.

For more information, please call (416) 735-7982 or visit www.aldeburgh-connection.org — we will be happy to mail you a brochure.

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Laura Albino holds a Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance from the University of Toronto, and is currently working towards her Masters of Music in Opera Performance. She sang Lauretta in their recent production of Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* and will appear in the title role in Handel's *Semele*. She has sung *Messiah* with the East York Choir, the Canadian Sinfonietta and the Choir of St. John's York Mills, *Cantata No. 67* in the Toronto Bach Festival, Mozart's *Requiem* with the Cathedral Bluffs Symphony Orchestra and Mendelssohn's *Vom Himmel Hoch* with the MacMillan Singers, and has appeared in the Young Artists Recital Series in Newmarket. She has taken classes with Sir Thomas Allen, Martin Isepp, Gerald Finley, Joan Dornemann, Marlena Malis, Sherrill Milnes and Wendy Nielsen. She was awarded "Most Promising Junior College Singer" from the National Association of Teachers of Singing, won the York Region Celebration of the Arts Opera Scholarship and has received many awards and scholarships at University of Toronto.

Tyrsa Gawrachynsky is a graduate in Vocal Performance at the University of Manitoba, studying with Tracy Dahl. She is currently in the Masters programme at the University of Toronto Opera Division, in the studio of Mary Morrison. Recent performances at the University include Mabel in *The Pirates of Penzance*, Despina in Mozart's *Così fan tutte* and Morgana in Handel's *Alcina*, and she will sing the title role in Handel's *Semele* in March. She has appeared with The Boston Early Music Festival, Conradi's *Ariadne*, and with Festival Vancouver as Amore and Damigella in Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea*. Concert engagements include *Messiah* with Ottawa Valley Festival Chorus, the North American premiere of the ballet set to Orff's *Carmina Burana* in Winnipeg, and the premiere of Abigail Richardson's *Seven Stories* with the Toronto Fine Young Classics series, and she will sing Bach's *Cantata 51* with the Mississauga Choral Society. She has participated in the Britten-Pears Summer Academy in Aldeburgh, and the Hochschule fuer Kuenste Musik in Bremen.

Jonathan Estabrooks is in his third year at the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto and has studied with Gary Relyea and Darryl Edwards. He has sung in productions of *The Pirates of Penzance*, Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* and will appear in Handel's *Semele* in March. He appeared in the 2003 Britten Festival production of *Noye's Fludde*, which was recorded for CBC Television's 'Opening Night'. He has been a featured soloist

with The Queensmen Choir of Toronto, the University of Toronto MacMillan Singers and Trinity College, where he produces an annual concert series. He began performing as a member of the Opera Lyra Ottawa Boys Choir, and later joined the OLO Chorus, where he appeared in *Tosca*, *La bohème* and *La Fille du régiment*. He also played leading roles with The Company of Musical Theatre and Ottawa Little Theatre. He has coached with Craig Rutenberg, Martin Isepp, Jeannette Aster, Michael McMahon and Gerald Finley. In August of 2004, he was Ontario's Open Voice representative at the National Kiwanis Festival held in Prince Edward Island.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, and appearing in many recital engagements with Catherine Robbin here in Canada and on tour in France, and has toured British Columbia in recital performances with Catherine Robbin and soprano Donna Brown. In addition to a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, his other musical activities have included performances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements on the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records and the Britten *Canticles* on the Marquis Label. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

In addition to the Aldeburgh Connection, TD's Community Giving Program supports TD Canada Trust Scholarships for Community Leadership, TD Friends of the Environment Foundation, TD Canadian Children's Book Week and the Children's Miracle Network, as well as a host of local, regional and national charitable programmes across Canada.



with thanks to:

